breake the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, come & be hangd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gadſhill.

Gadſhill. Good morrow Carriers, what's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethe lend me thy lanterne, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay by God ſoft, I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I pray thee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* I, when, canſt tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry ile ſee thee hangd firſt.

Gad. Sirra Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to goe to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugs, wee'le call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. *Exeunt.*

Gad. What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth picke-purſe.

Gad. That's euē as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, then giuing direction, doth from labouring: thou layeſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow maſter Gadſhill, it holds currant that I told you yeſter night, ther's a Franckelin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for egges and butter, they will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarks, ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worſhippeſt Saint Nicholas, as truely as a man of falſhood may.

Ca. What talkeſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old ſir Iohn hangs with me, & thou knoweſt he is no ſtarueling: tut, there are other

Troians